

Good Morning 583

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

E.R.A. HAROLD
DAVENPORT—
MEET 17-DAYS
OLD JUDITH
ANNE



60 m.p.h.? Don't let it happen again, said H.M.

WHEN the full history of this war comes to be written, I hope the scribe will give Britain's railways a pat on the back. You and I, with bitter memories of precious leave-time spent in some dismal siding or of shivering on a dark platform with the buffet shuttered against us, may be inclined to smile ironically.

The fact remains that our railways and the whole army of engine-drivers, engineers, platelayers and overworked porters have done a peach of a job to keep war material rolling.

I'm afraid we're all a bit inclined to take our trains for granted. Yet it's barely a century since the first Bradshaw appeared, and it's quite instructive to look back on the "good old days."

The early railway companies were not at all enthusiastic about compilers of time-tables. They objected because it would encourage the public to expect punctuality! But George

The first time-table was condemned as "likely to encourage punctuality," but when the full story of the railways is told it will make epic reading says ALEX BRUCE.

Bradshaw, Quaker and engraver, persisted.

To-day, "Bradshaw" is one of the world's most precious books, and it makes good reading if you're in the mood. John Bright once admitted in an interview that his favourite books were the Bible and "Bradshaw."

Early "Bradshaws" command big prices at book sales, even though the contents were not very reliable. Nowadays, great pains are taken to ensure its accuracy.

In fact, no official is permitted to correct a page proof until he has served a fifteen years' apprenticeship on "Bradshaw"!

There is plenty of drama packed between the covers of those pioneer time-tables. Builders and colliery-owners didn't bother about trucks in those days. They simply fixed flanges to the wheels and sent their carts by rail on payment of a toll.

Millions of pounds were spent on building railways and settling the claims of get-rich-quick property owners.

The cost of building the Fenchurch Street-Blackwall line worked out at no less than £180,000 a mile!

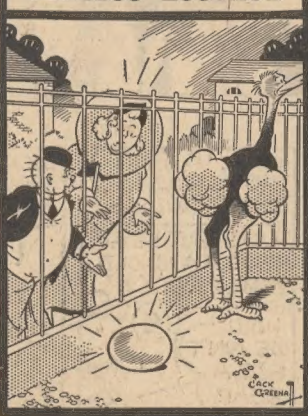
It's easy to overlook the back-breaking work that has gone to the making of railways. I have travelled on the Trans-Iranian Railway, which must surely be one of the world's greatest feats of engineering skill and endurance.

It took eleven years in all to run this 865-mile track through salt desert and over high mountains. At one point, so steep is the gradient, the line takes 41 miles to climb 22 miles as the crow flies.

Apart from expense and engineering difficulties, the early railways had to fight prejudice and suspicion all the way. On a memorable occasion, when Queen Victoria arrived at Euston from the North, she was informed by a proud driver that at one point they had touched the dizzy speed of sixty miles an hour.

As soon as she arrived back at Buckingham Palace the Queen sat down and wrote a sharp letter to the directors of the company, re-

USELESS EUSTACE



"How should I know how many minutes it would take to boil it? The main thing is to grab it, while nobody's lookin'!"

No. 141 Greets Ldg. Sto. George Taylor



WE chose rather an unfortunate time for our visit to 141, Reidhaven Road, Plumstead, S.E.18. Leading Stoker George Taylor, for your wife, home from the night shift, was still resting, and we had to wait while she was aroused from her slumbers.

We found our wait worthwhile, for we soon got from her the news of home.

Joyce has completely recovered from her leg injury, and was looking forward to a week's holiday at Gravesend, but she told us how much she

would miss having you with her.

She also misses going dancing with you at the Embassy, Welling, and also those visits to the Granada and the Odeon at Woolwich. Remember, George.

Both your mother and father are keeping well, and your wife often hears from Bert and Albie as well as from Gwen, and reports that they are all in the best of health.

To conclude, your wife sends you her love and says, "she hopes you had a nice leave." We hope so, too.

YES, E.R.A. Harold Davenport, here she is! Meet your wee baby daughter, aged just seventeen days. She has bright blue eyes and dark fluffy hair. Maureen is there, too, and young six-year-old Michael to look after her and Mummy.

When we called at your home, 53 Lark Hill Road, Stockport, Cheshire, we found dinner well under way.

Your wife Anne was trying to get some vegetables ready in between attending to Maureen, who claimed to be helping, but was, we fear, rather apt to get in the way, and baby Judith, who insisted on being nursed.

Mrs. Davenport was thrilled when she learned the nature of our visit, but was rather disappointed because Michael was at school, and obviously the picture wouldn't be complete without him. So, after learning the whereabouts of his school, our photographer and myself set out to find it and bring Michael home.

As you may imagine, he thought it a great idea, and so did his class-mates when we interrupted the class!

By the time we reached home again, everything was shining like a new pin. Maureen was vigorously brushing her hair, and her shiny little face was proof enough of a good soap-and-water treatment.

Baby was cooing and chuckling, looking very contented in a pretty shawl, and Mrs.

questioning them "to see that it did not happen again!"

Wherever railwaymen meet, you will hear strange tales of ghost trains and eccentric passengers. More amazing than any fishing yarn, but absolutely true, is the history of the railway that was stolen! THEY STOLE A RAILWAY.

It happened like this. The little Parsonstown and Portumna Bridge Railway—just 12 miles of line—had been built at great expense in the hope of giving travellers a short cut by rail. But it proved a white elephant. The people went on using the old routes.

Thousands of pounds were lost by the unhappy shareholders, and the Government

refused to take over the liability. For a while, guards were stationed to look after the derelict property, but eventually everyone lost interest and left the railway to decay.

One night, a gang swooped down on the little track and took away everything that was movable.

With picks, shovels, and even cranes, they did a first-class job of looting. Even the station buildings were taken off! According to a historian of the district, the gang actually "removed" the very walls of the platform.

To-day, apart from moving men and materials, trains often act as mobile H.Q. "Monty," in pre-invasion days, covered

Davenport herself was looking lovely in a smart black dress, which she told us she had put on specially to bring you happy memories.

All were ready, so we got on with the job and took the picture of a lifetime for you.

Maureen and Michael are just thrilled with their new baby sister, and they are longing for the day when you will be home to help them look after her.

Mrs. Davenport asked us to tell you that your Mother has been over several times to see the baby, and is delighted with her third grandchild.

The house was simply full to overflowing at Christmas-time, Harold, with various members of both your families, who killed two birds with one stone by meeting the baby and doing their Christmas visiting.

But although your wife was in bed over Christmas, Harold, the kiddies didn't miss old Santa Claus, and Auntie Maggie very obligingly filled the part.

Spats, that lazy old puss of yours, is still living a life of ease, and even if he is out in the cold a little, now that the baby has arrived on the scene, life could be worse.

Well, Judith Anne could stand a certain amount of photography, but, after all, dinner was dinner, and she wasn't going to miss that, not even for "Good Morning," so we took the hint, E.R.A. Davenport, and made our way back to write up this home news for you.

thousands of miles in a miracle streamlined train.

Behind the engine was a coach with a kitchen car and a dining-room. In another coach the Field Marshal had his office and sleeping quarters.

Twenty-four hours a day this high-speed train was linked by radio with H.Q., while dispatch riders raced off periodically to carry messages too secret even for private radio.

Perhaps the most "human" incident on this amazing train journey round the country was when "Monty" saluted a man who was heaving coal in a railway yard.

"Your job is more important than mine. Good luck," he said.

Gossip from the Home Town

NEVER until now has a horse meant so much to the folk of Bristol. Next to the war, it is about the most talked-of thing in the city. For this is no ordinary horse, and, for that matter, no ordinary price was paid for it.

Nearly all Bristol, except the fraternity which frowns on such things, is putting aside a few coppers to have a flutter on what they call "our filly." Its name is "Well Well," the Orwell filly for which a couple of fellows from Bishopsworth paid the ridiculously low sum of 45 guineas at the Newmarket sales last September.

It gets its name because so many people, told of the price paid for it, commented "Well, well . . . !"

Now, in Bishopsworth, a small syndicate has been formed, and "Well Well" is in training for her first race in the Somerville Stakes at Newmarket on April 29th next.

The stake money amounts to £300, and "Well Well's" owners have great hopes of winning it. Mr. Albert Smith, an eleven-stone ex-jockey, now working in a shipyard, has undertaken the task of training the filly.

Once a day, either before going to the shipyard or on his return, Mr. Smith takes "Well Well" out from its stable at the Grange, home of a local builder, and exer-

cises her along the sides of Dundry Hill.

Hard frosts have made the Downs unsuitable for gallops, but the filly is in fine trim.

Mr. Clifford Cox, a member of the syndicate, is confident of "Well Well's" success. "She is a vastly improved filly since we brought her home in September," he states.

The filly has also been entered for races at Newmarket in the July and Autumn meetings.

HEALTH.

PREVENTING illness is better than curing it. That's the axiom health officials in Bristol are living up to with such magnificent results.

For the city's health statistics for 1944 are most encouraging. More babies safely born, fewer deaths of infants, a lower death-rate generally, less diphtheria, and less pulmonary tuberculosis.

Only cancer showed higher figures than in 1943. And this is one of the outstanding features of Dr. R. H. Parry's report as M.O.H.—only fifteen mothers died out of the 8,366 births recorded.

Bristol is, to-day, in a healthier state than ever before in her history. That is tribute enough to those who constantly safeguard the city against epidemics and preventable illness.

LEG BREAKS.

SOME people get all the breaks. Take, for instance, seventeen-year-old Kenneth Swartz, of Haycombe Drive, Bath. There's a lad who gets plenty of breaks, but not the kind that are popular.

For Kenneth is continually going to the Royal United Hospital with the same complaint. The breaks he gets are those in the leg.

Since he was a baby, Kenneth has broken one or other of his legs twenty-one times, and so far has had to spend nine of the seventeen Christmases of his life in a hospital ward.

Surely Kenneth, whose bones are so brittle that they threaten to snap with the least knock or fall, can claim to be a record-breaking leg-breaker.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

JACK LONDON'S Grim Tale of the Surgeon who Saved a

Suicide—and Lost him again

DOCTOR Bicknell was in a the steward, in fear and trembling, remarkably gracious mood. of the man's unexpected take-off. Through a minor accident, a slight his lips did not so much as form bit of carelessness, that was all, a one syllable of censure; nay, they man who might have pulled were so pursed that snatches of inevitable incidents of the pro- give a snap of the fingers for his and hearty, Doctor Bicknell's through had died the preceding rag-time floated softly from them, fession, but cases, ah, cases, were chance of recovery. But, thanks geniality was in nowise disturbed night. Though it had been only a to be broken only by a pleasant everything. People who knew to the swift municipal ambulance by the steward's report, and he service and to Doctor Bicknell, proceeded cheerfully to bring order he had been dragged back into the out of the chaos of a child's body was brought in. Impossible, they As many will remember, the The Doctor's co-workers had crunched beneath the wheels of shaken their heads when the case an electric car.

It was not that the man had died that gave him discomfort, he knew the Doctor too well for that, but his distress lay in the fact that the operation had been done so well. One of the most delicate in surgery, it had been as successful as it was clever and audacious.

All had then depended upon the treatment, the nurses, the steward. And the man had died. Nothing much, a bit of carelessness, yet enough to bring the professional wrath of Doctor Bicknell about his ears and to perturb the working of the staff and nurses for twenty-four hours to come.

But, as already stated, the Doctor was in a remarkably gracious mood. When informed by

"Yes, yes," Doctor Bicknell said impatiently; "I under-

stand. But how about Semper Idem? Is he ready to leave?" "Yes. They're helping him dress now," the steward answered.

It was Semper Idem's recovery which had so fully compensated was, the more precarious his grip on life, the greater his significance in the eyes of Doctor Bicknell.

He did not possess, and hence had

no tolerance for, emotion. His all but actually severed, and the deal of unseemly yet highly loss of blood frightful.

As it was such a foregone conclusion, Doctor Bicknell had throat cut as aforementioned, and employed methods and done blood dripping down upon the things which made them, even inmates of the room below and in their professional capacities, disturbing their festivities. He shudder. And lo! the man had evidently done the deed had recovered. So, on this morning that Semper ward that he might gaze his last Idem was to leave the hospital, hale upon a photograph which stood

He would as readily forsake a poet-laureate suffering from a common accident for a nameless, mangled vagrant who defied every law of life by refusing to die, as would a child forsake a Punch and Judy for a circus.

So it had been in the case of Semper Idem. The mystery of the man had not appealed to him, nor had his silence and the veiled romance which the yellow reporters had so sensationally and so fruitlessly exploited in divers Sunday editions.

But Semper Idem's throat had been cut. That was the point. That was where his interest had centred. Cut from ear to ear, and not one surgeon in a thousand to

on the table propped against a candlestick.

It was this attitude which had made it possible for Dr. Bicknell to save him. So terrific had been the sweep of the razor that had he had his head thrown back, as he should have done to have accomplished the act properly with his neck stretched and the elastic vascular walls distended, he would have of a certainty well-nigh decapitated himself.

At the hospital, during all the time he travelled the repugnant road back to life, not a word had left his lips. Nor could anything be learned of him by the sleuths detailed by the chief of police. Nobody knew him, nor had ever seen or heard of him before. He was strictly, uniquely, of the present. His clothes and surroundings were those of the lowest labourer, his hands the hands of a gentleman. But not a shred of writing was discovered, nothing, save in one particular, which would serve to indicate his past or his position in life.

And that one particular was the photograph. If it were at all a likeness, the woman who gazed frankly out upon the on-looker from the card-mount must have been a striking creature indeed.

It was an amateur production, for the detectives were baffled in that no professional photographer's signature or studio was appended. Across a corner of the mount, in delicate feminine tracery, was written: "Semper idem; semper fidelis." And she looked it. As many recollect, it was a face one could never forget. Clever half-tones, remarkably like, were published in all the leading papers at the time; but such procedure gave rise to nothing (Continued on Page 3)

SEMPER IDEM

QUIZ for today

1. A theorbo is a rubber ball, musical instrument lay brother, hymn, precious stone?
2. What domestic animal does the law regard as being wild and untameable?
3. What is the longest chapter in the Bible?
4. What king worked as a shipwright in the yards at Deptford?

5. In what country is most of the world's platinum mined?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Father, Aunt, Mother, Son, Uncle.

Answers to Quiz in No. 582

1. Constant tea-drinker.
2. George IV.
3. Louis Pasteur.
4. Portland Vase.
5. Sir Joshua Reynolds.
6. You may marry your second cousin, but not any of the others.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



I TAKE this paragraph from the "Sunday Pictorial":—

Grave personal danger every Civil Servant must face is that, sooner or later, come what may, somebody will slap a British Empire Medal on his chest. Although this is not just a simple case of see-what-the-boys-in-the-back-room-will-have. Not at all. In recommending these honours, Departmental Ministers must adhere strictly to a prettily concocted scale of values which, were it published, would read something like a menu. Roughly, it goes something like this:—

Small Fry (up to assistant principals)	M.B.E.
Middling-sized Guys (up to heads of directorates)	O.B.E.
Bigish Noises (up to director-generals)	C.B.E.
Really Big Pot	K.B.E.

If we must throw these civil decorations around, there's one long-overdue medal I'd like to see struck in solid gold encrusted with rubies. The O.B.M. Otherwise the Order of British Motherhood.



WOODED, torpedoed, offered £200 to help them refit by the crew of a rescue ship, nearly killed in a landslide, badly injured in a double somersaulting coach...

Maybe you remember the Radio Three—Ann Cannin, her sister Chris, and Pauline de Yong—who used to sing in "Hi, Gang." That list of adventures belongs to them after an E.N.S.A. trip to the Middle East.

It was Ann who was wood—and got engaged to Squadron Leader Clifford Mawson—while they were stuck in an English port on board a ship waiting to sail. The rest of the trip the three girls went through all the adventures together.



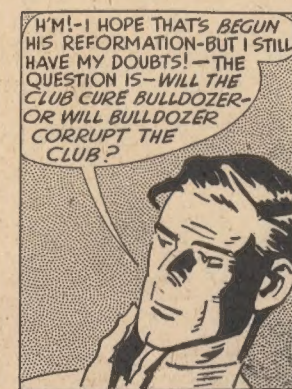
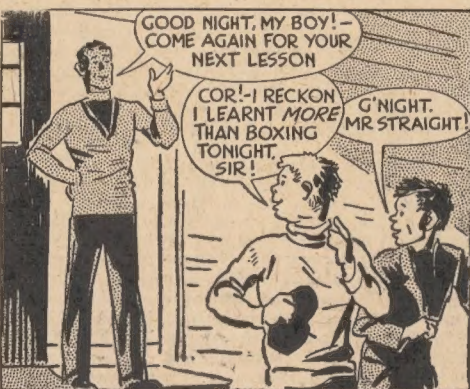
"WHY do mermaids always stay near shore?"

"'Cause that's where all the buoys are."

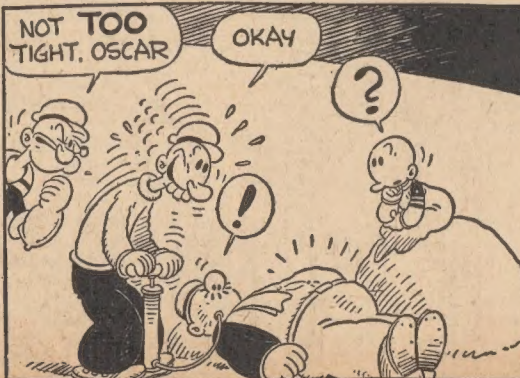
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—522

1. Insert consonants in *A**O**E* and *I**AE**A* and get two festivals.
2. Here are two ports whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
3. If "grime" is the "rim" of dirt, what is the rim of (a) Books, (b) Promiscuity?
4. Find the two hidden countries in: Alas! Kate and Penelope ruefully returned without any blackberries.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 521

1. CANDLEMAS, CHRISTMAS.
2. SWANAGE—SWANSEA.
3. (a) Diversity, (b) Endive.
4. Ind-i-a, Ch-in-a.

JANE



SEMPER IDEM

(Continued from Page 2)

but the uncontrollable public curiosity and interminable copy to the space-writers.

For want of a better name, the rescued suicide was known to the hospital attendants, and to the world, as Semper Idem. And Semper Idem he remained. Reporters, detectives, and nurses gave him up in despair.

Not one word could he be persuaded to utter; yet the flitting conscious light of his eyes showed that his ears heard and his brain grasped every question put to him.

But this mystery and romance played no part in Doctor Bicknell's interest when he paused in the office to have a parting word with his patient. He, the Doctor, had performed a prodigy in the matter of this man, done what was virtually unprecedented in the annals of surgery. He did not care who or what the man was, in much the manner of a leashed lion, Semper Idem betrayed only

that he should ever see him again; but, like the artist gazing upon a finished creation, he wished to look for the last time upon the work of his hand and brain.

Semper Idem still remained mute. He seemed anxious to be gone. Not a word could the Doctor extract from him, and little the Doctor cared. He examined the throat of the convalescent carefully, idling over the hideous scar with the lingering, half-caressing fondness of a parent. It was not a particularly pleasing sight. An angry line circled the throat—for all the world as though the man had just escaped the hangman's noose—and, disappearing below the ear on either side, had the appearance of completing the fiery periphery at the nape of the neck.

Maintaining his dogged silence, yielding to the other's examination in much the manner of a leashed lion, Semper Idem betrayed only

his desire to drop from out of the public eye.

"Well, I'll not keep you," Doctor Bicknell finally said, laying a hand on the man's shoulder and stealing a last glance at his own handiwork.

"But let me give you a bit of advice. Next time you try it on, hold your chin up, so. Don't snuggle it down and butcher yourself like a cow. Neatness and despatch, you know. Neatness and despatch."

Semper Idem's eyes flashed in token that he heard, and a moment later the hospital door swung to on his heel.

It was a busy day for Doctor Bicknell, and the afternoon was well along when he lighted a cigar preparatory to leaving the table upon which it seemed the sufferers almost clamoured to be laid. But the last one, an old rag-picker with a broken shoulder-blade, had been disposed of, and the first fragrant smoke-wreaths had begun

to curl about his head, when the gong of a hurrying ambulance came through the open window from the street, followed by the inevitable entry of the stretcher with its ghastly freight.

"Lay it on the table," the Doctor directed, turning for a moment to place his cigar in safety. "What is it?"

"Suicide—throat cut," responded one of the stretcher-bearers. "Down on Morgan Alley. Little hope, I think, sir. He's most gone."

"Eh? Well, I'll give him a look, anyway." He leaned over the man at the moment when the wick made its last faint flutter and succumbed.

"It's Semper Idem come back again," the steward said.

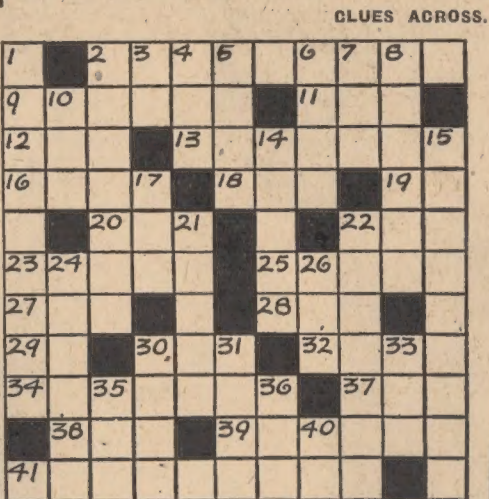
"Aye," replied Dr. Bicknell, "and gone again. No bungling this time. Properly done, upon my life, sir, properly done. Took my advice to the letter. I'm not required here. Take it along to the morgue."

Doctor Bicknell secured his cigar and relighted it. "That," he said between the puffs, looking at the steward, "that evens up for the one you lost last night. We're quits now."

THE END.

Robot, the all-steel mechanical man, exhibited at the Horticultural Hall, is said to do everything it is told. Married men see nothing novel in that.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Owner.
- 9 Rouse.
- 11 Melody.
- 12 Vehicle.
- 13 Up to date.
- 16 Break with hammer.
- 18 Roll of notes.
- 19 Towards.
- 20 Talk.
- 22 Study.
- 23 Coral reef.
- 25 Less than half.
- 27 Double.
- 28 Perched.
- 29 Doctor.
- 30 Spoil.
- 32 Cape.
- 34 Respective.
- 37 Insect.
- 38 Spike of corn.
- 39 Tentative suggestion.
- 41 Subdued voice.

CLUES DOWN.

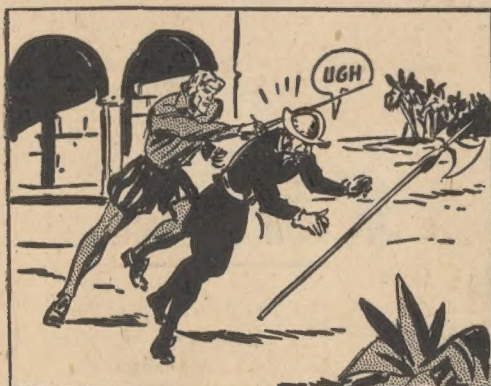
- 1 Reversed.
- 2 Excellent one.
- 3 All right.
- 4 Collection.
- 5 Cold weather.
- 6 Spoken.
- 7 Accurately quoted.
- 8 Speaker.
- 10 Pale.
- 14 Separates.
- 15 Cockneys.
- 17 Chum.
- 21 Filmy.
- 22 Illustrative.
- 24 Deep dish.
- 26 Fodder.
- 30 Lake.
- 31 Floating structure.
- 33 Small.
- 35 Nurse.
- 36 Sign of Zodiac.
- 40 Printing measure.

MERRY GIFTS
ARIA Y NOEL
BIG FEE RAY
CHRISTMAS
TUG COG A
ITEM Y WELL
ROD BAG RAM
AT BAKED GO
FACES EATEN
FLOAT SWORD
E PRESENT S

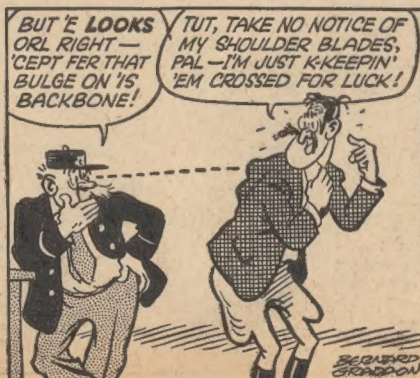
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



PHIZ QUIZ

One of the few men whom women fall for and men rate a "good guy." Six-foot-three-inches of whipcord with a Texan drawl. (Answer to-morrow)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 582: Arthur Askey.



HOME TOWN NEWS

PETROL FOR LIGHTERS.

HOW much petrol do you think is used to light pipes and cigarettes? Those small tubes you get at the tobacconist's do not carry much, of course, but in total they make a hefty drop.

An idea of how much came out at Swansea Assizes during a case where a motor carrying firm was sued for damages to furniture they were hauling. A fire started and the furniture was damaged. It came out that a consignment of petrol for lighting fags was in the lorry.

The manufacturers said that they produced 200,000 to 600,000 tubes a week. Mr. Justice Croom-Johnson said he was surprised to hear that 22,000 gallons of petrol were used a year for the purpose.

SALUTE TO SYLVIA.

MRS. SYLVIA OWEN, of Gelli, South Wales, is 75, but not too old to be championing those heroic miners' wives of the Rhondda. As chairman of the South Wales Miners' Women's Federation she has been behind an appeal to the Miners' Welfare Committee in the district to set up Rest Homes for miners' wives.

"Why not?" say these women. "There are rehabilitation centres for the men, yet we are kept on the go long hours feeding and keeping them fit in bleak surroundings." The Committee is now investigating the proposal.

B.B.C. IN WALES.

SOUTH WALES is to have two B.B.C. studios after the war. The Welsh Station now operates from Cardiff, but Mr. W. J. Haley, director-general of the B.B.C., has promised that the Swansea studio will be open after the war. Plans are also in preparation for television in South Wales. There are great difficulties to be overcome because of the hills, but the engineers of the B.B.C. say the job is not beyond them.

Good Morning



"YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT HOUSE, SAILOR."

In the flat above is Warner Bros.' Mary Anderson, and, offhand, we would say that she was in the mood. In the flat downstairs is Columbia's Marguerite Chapman, and we don't suppose you need us to tell you what mood she's in. This must be "Good Morning's" Double Number — we'll ask the Editor if he knows.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"And, speaking off-hand, I'm in the mood."

